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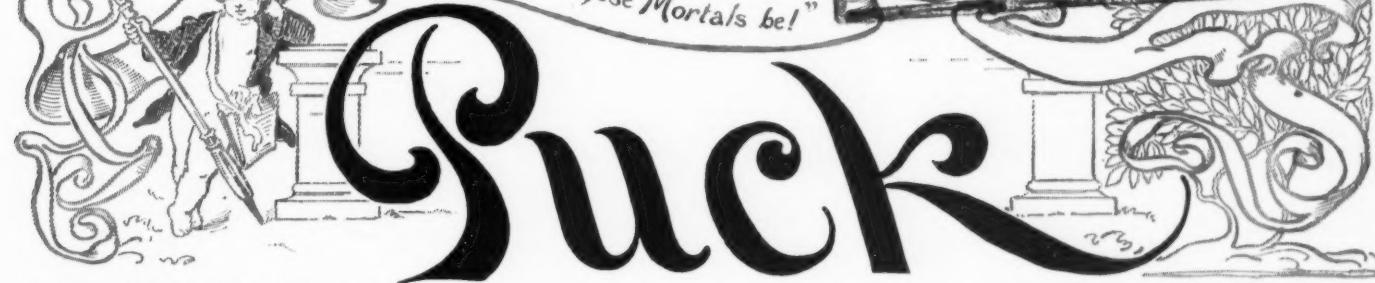
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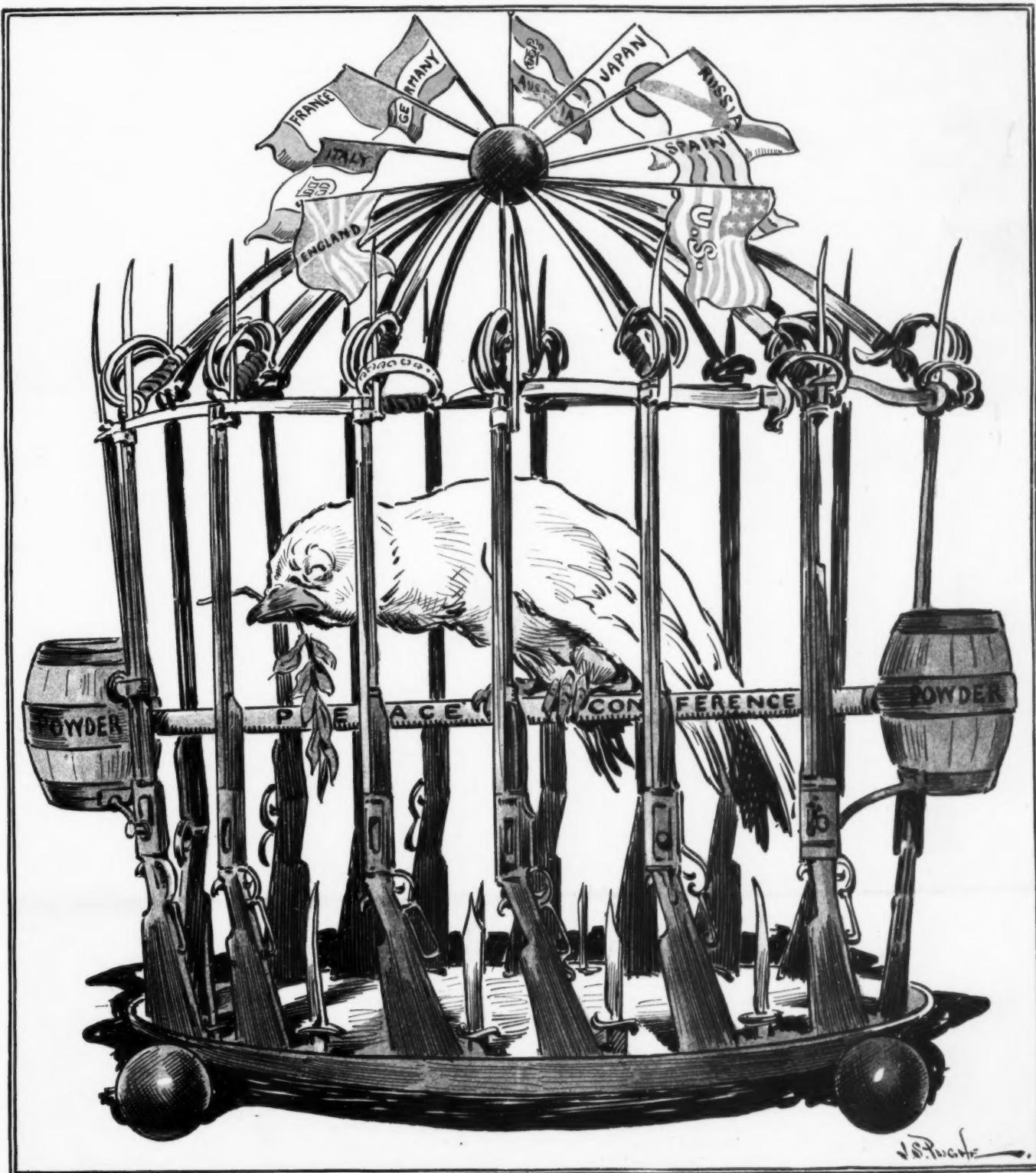
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"What Fools these Mortals be!"



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THERE NEVER was as little graft in public life.—*Leslie M. Shaw.*

Mr. Shaw's authority for this bit of optimism is doubtless the Harrisburg State House.

BECAUSE of the operations of the lumber trust, the Wisconsin Assembly has petitioned Congress to remove the tariff on lumber. And we have been told so often that the tariff has nothing to do with the trusts.

THE CAMELS of Egypt, with few exceptions, are said to be named after President Roosevelt, but we refuse to be the least bit impressed. So far as we know, not a single mountain lion has named its eldest Teddy.

AN ORGANIZED movement in the far west is said to be at work "to undermine the Administration." It is not confined to the far west. Southward across the green fields of Indiana may be observed a slightly elevated track—the work, seemingly, of a gigantic mole. Somewhere beneath the sod is Buttermilk Charlie Fairbanks, on his way to the White House.

Dr. Cook, who shined up Mt. McKinley, thereby benefitting the human race in an immeasurable degree, is going to dash for the pole in a "speciaily constructed automobile," which, he says, will make the stunt easy. Presumably the auto will be amphibious, and also equipped with legs and arms with which to climb hummocks. We advise the Doc, nevertheless, to take a few dogs along. They make pretty fair eating on the back track.

ABE HUMMEL, picking over potatoes in the Penitentiary, ought to be able to locate the rotten ones unerringly.

"IN THE final analysis the basic rock is confidence. Wise laws and confidence in their wisdom are essential. Confidence in the integrity of our domestic and commercial affairs and confidence in each other are all important."

—Vice-President Fairbanks.

"What do you read, my lord?"

THE FAMOUS Alhambra at Granada is bordering on collapse, due to lack of repair. The best thing poor old Spain can do with the Alhambra is to sell it to some American millionaire.

OPERATORS say that 550,000,000 bushels of spring and winter wheat is not more than enough for bread and seed—commodities which wheat operators have absolutely no use for.

THE TENANTS' UNION, in mass meeting assembled, have sworn emancipation from "the thraldom of the landlord parasites." After exterminating these loathsome insects the union should have the courage and confidence to tackle the janitor-bug.

LAND THIEVES, timber pirates and collateral grafters in the Northwest are reported as being opposed to the President because of his public lands and forestry policies. No man was ever more fortunate in his enemies than Roosevelt. They are his biggest stock in trade.



WALL STREET MOTHER GOOSE.

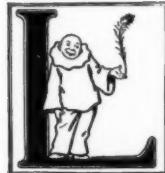
Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;

There came a big spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

PUCK AND ASSOCIATION

PUCK

MODERN SAPPHICS.



ADV, you are one who reads the daily papers.
Never could I hope to woo you and to win you
By the kind of poem generally doped out
By Robert Herrick.

No, for you are jerry to all the new expressions;
No, for you are hep to all the verbal phonies —
If I should spring the other sort, I guess you'd
Give me the office.

Lady, I would not seem to be a mollycoddle,
But, if you must know, I've got an awful brainstorm
Down in the depths of my exaggerated ego
And you're the reason.

I have got Dementia Americana
All on your account — and no reactionary.
Where do I stand? O lady, lady, please don't
Pass me the grapefruit!

Franklin P. Adams.

EASING HIS MIND.

RURAL PASSENGER.—I hear as how accidents are quite frequent on this here railroad.

TRAVELING MAN.—Pooh, pooh! All poppycock! Why,—let's see—this is Thursday, 11:25 a. m.,—why, man, there hasn't been an accident on this road since Tuesday night at 6:30! Do you call that frequent?

LUCID.

FINALLY Archimedes, who for an hour had been patiently guiding the mind of his pupil through a demonstration of an abstruse mathematical problem, was rewarded by the gleam of intelligence that appeared in the young Athenian's eye.

"And dost thou see the light, lad?"

"Perfectly," was the enthusiastic response. "It had me stumped at first, I'll admit, but it's really absurdly simple. The whole thing is like Greek to me."



SPOKEN LIKE A SPANIARD.

QUEEN ENA.—Oh, Papa, what *do* you think? Little Alfonso Pio Christino Eduardo Francisco Guillermo Carlos Enrique Eugenio Fernando Antonio Venancier spoke his firstword to-day.

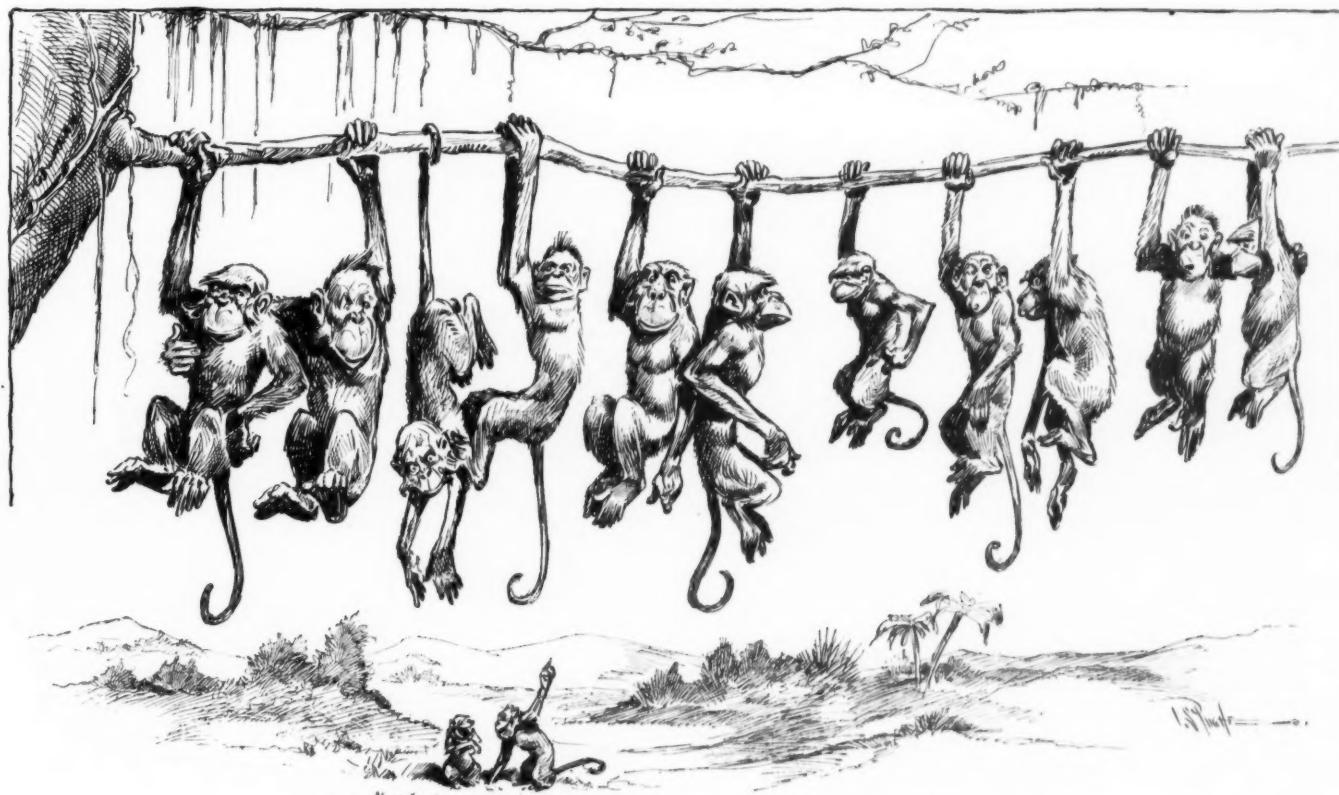
KING ALFONSO.—Great! And what did Papa's boy say?

QUEEN ENA.—*Mañana.*

THE END INEVITABLE.

MISS GINX had a liberal art education: four years in New York, two in Berlin, three in Paris."

"I see. And what is she doing now;—Kindergartening or painting china?"



THE FOREFATHERS OF THE STRAP-HANGER.



MAROONED.

FOOLED BY A PHRASE.
OR, THE HOUSES THAT WEREN'T SOLD.



STRANGER (*in Frazzlehurst*).—Excuse me, gentlemen, but I'm looking around here for a —

THE WHOLE POPULATION.—I'll sell you mine!—mine's for sale!—mine's a bargain!—buy mine!—I've only just moved in mine, but I'll sell it!

STRANGER (*continuing*).—For an old road, which according to this map of 1847, used to run through here somewhere.

THE STRANGE CASE OF REGINALD WASH.

REGINALD WASH, the popular illustrator, had dismissed his model (the famous Wash Girl) for the day, and was snapping shut the cover of his silver cigarette case, when the door of his studio opened and a Dazzling Vision entered.

Reginald's first surmise was that his visitor was a show girl of the Floradora breed, desirous to pose for him, for her skirts were tinsel and abbreviated and she carried a spear. He fired his cigarette and waited enlightenment.

"This morning," said the Vision, in a bell-like voice, "you sold a magazine cover illustration for five hundred dollars. On your way up the Avenue you were accosted by an old woman, to whom you generously flung a half-dollar. That old woman was myself—a fairy. To reward your goodness I have come to offer you anything that your heart may desire. Choose!"

The popular illustrator reflected. What should he ask for that he did not already possess? Fame?—he had that in abundance. Riches?—those had come with Fame. Love?—his engagement was announced to a young woman of wealth and irreproachable family. Health?—he was in perfect condition. No; there was nothing.

But stay. There was something; something, it is true, he had never felt the need of; something, nevertheless, which envious critics had said he lacked.

Ideas!

"Give me a few ideas," he re-

quested the fairy. She smiled and vanished . . . Scarcely was he alone when Reginald Wash felt a peculiar sensation in his head. It was like nothing he had ever experienced before, and he was growing alarmed when the truth suddenly flashed on him. An idea was coming!

Popular artists and writers who have never entertained an idea can have no conception of Reginald Wash's mental state. Trembling with excitement, he gathered up all his unfinished work, which included illustrations for three novels, thrust it into the open grate and set fire to it. Then, getting out a clean drawing paper, he reached nervously for his crayon.

On the morning following, when Tillie the slavey opened the door of Reginald Wash's studio, she dropped her broom and screamed. The popular illustrator lay dead on the floor.

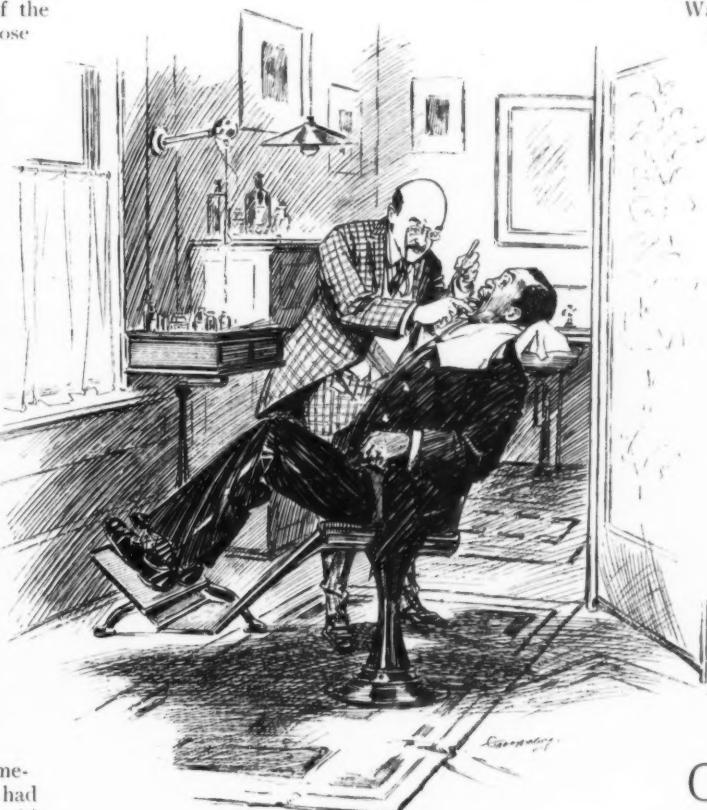
An unfinished sketch—a daring, virile conception—was on his easel; the fragments of a pencil were still clutched in his hand. Wash had died peacefully; a smile lingered on his lips.

The autopsy showed that an artery in the brain had given way under some unusual strain.

B. L. T.

REALISM.

Cleverly disguising himself, so that any fool in the audience must recognize him, the hero proceeded to baffle the vigilance of the villain who was represented as being the brainiest, shrewdest man of his generation.



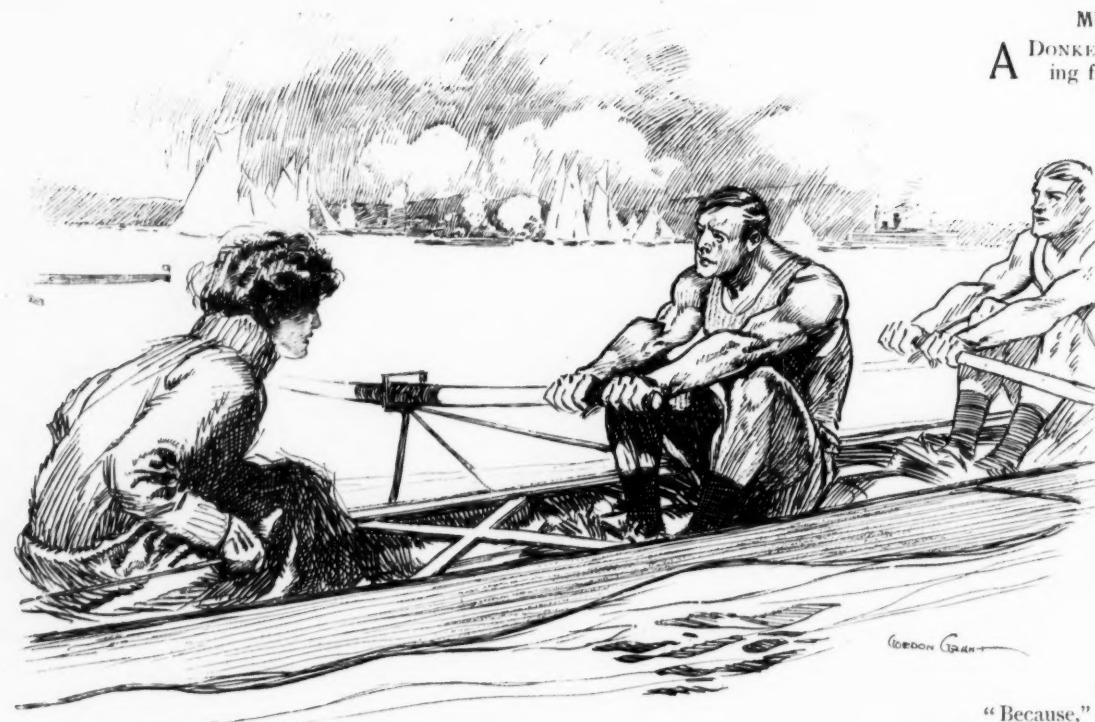
EXPLICIT.

DENTIST.—Which tooth is it that troubles you, my man?

PULLMAN PORTER.—Lowah Five, sah.

The whole framework of society depends, in a great measure, upon our getting hungry at the same time.

PUCK



TIP TO CO-ED COLLEGES.

IF YOU WANT YOUR CREW TO WIN, GET THE RIGHT KIND OF A COXSWAIN.

THE SMITHS MOVE IN.

"YOU KID," said little Willy Jones, "you git right off our walk
And just take care of what you do and how you act and talk;
Around this block a kid like you is better seen than heard."
And the little boy who'd just moved in he never said a word.

"I s'pose that where you was before you
thought you was a lot
And just as good as other kids,— and
better —like as not;
But let me tell you, right here now,
that you ain't such a bird."
And the little boy who'd just moved in he never said a word.

"So understand," said Willy Jones,
"don't git too fresh with us.
A kid that tries to run this town—
like you—he starts a fuss,
And he get's licked, and then, you
bet, he's sorry that he stirred."
And the little boy who'd just moved in he never said a word.

No, he didn't speak. But he sort of ducked his head down and after a hasty feint came in one-two and crossed right to jaw and left to body advancing on dotted line as per diagram. After that he loosed a sockdologer of a right hook and chased that Jones boy clean up the alley and into his own back yard. I tell you simply there's no such thing as judging by appearances. *Horatio Winslow.*

A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

MAC BOOTH RANTINGTON (*the tragedian*).—Talk about hail-storms! Why, once in Missouri I got caught in a hail-storm and, you may believe me or not, but I'll swear the hailstones were as large as hens' eggs!

MANAGER (*of Billville Grand Opera House*).—Gosh! You must have felt relieved when the first one struck you and didn't bust!

NEVER.

"**W**OULD Mrs. Hunks repeat a scandal?"
"Not if she could think up an original one."

MERELY A FABLE.

ADONKEY and an Elephant, in training for a great race, met together in the paddock. "Will you get by the weighers-in with your trunk-ful of trainer's money again next season?" brayed the Donkey.

The Elephant waved his ears, in which there was an unpleasant buzzing. "That was an atrocious lie!" he trumpeted.

"Now, don't get strenuous," laughed the thistle eater. "I only wanted to know what handicaps would govern the entries. "Will you carry the Square Deal colors next meeting?"

"You know the stable gave out that they would not be put up a third time," replied the Elephant, abstractedly.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because," returned the Donkey, throwing back his ample ears and giving vent to the most discordant of hee-haws, "it is so easy to be misled by disingenuous liars!"

The Elephant turned away in supreme disgust, shaking sadly his massive head.

"I can't open my mouth," he grunted, "without that jack putting his foot in it."

Moral: Don't encourage mulish questions by assinine replies.

Powell Thurston Manning.



IT WAS A CINCH IN THOSE DAYS.
THE COOK RECONSIDERS HER DECISION TO LEAVE.

PUCK

May Melange.

A HINT TO HUSBANDS:

OR, THE MUSHROOM SHAPE.

FYRTILLA she follows the fashion;

For the up-to-date thing she is strong;
Comme il faut with Flyrtilla's a passion —
She cannot go wrong.



Judge, then, how my eyes were arrested
When, pinned to her tresses, I saw
A bonnet that strongly suggested
Her last summer's straw.

For a maiden who always was dressed right
It seemed quite absurd, to be sure;
And yet, it appeared, I had guessed right.
The thing was obscure.

Till Flyrtilla explained: "It is nearly
The same. There's no change in the crown;
And to be right in style I had merely
To turn the brim down.

O High Priests of Style, ye have blundered;
Ye somehow have made a bad break.
O Husbands, who yearly are plundered,
A hint ye may take:

When wifey would hike her to town and
Her collection of bonnets augment
Just tell her to turn the brim down, and
Don't dig up a cent.

Many of Mr. Roosevelt's admirers will continue to believe that he will accept another nomination until he begins to throw them out of the White House window for suggesting it. And yet if there is one thing political which seems absolutely certain, it is that Roosevelt will not run again. Our estimable President makes mistakes on impulse, not deliberately.

A newspaper account of the matrimonial infelicities of the Howard Goulds mentions the fact that when the two parted "Mrs. Gould went to live at the Hotel St. Regis and Mr. Gould to the Waldorf-Astoria." At such a critical hour in the lives of any wedded pair, what could be more helpful than sweet simplicity of environment and opportunity for calm reflection. "The world is too much with us," as Wordsworth said.

Wilshire's Magazine contains a snap-shot photo of Jack London and his wife "busily engaged in preparing manuscript." Mr. London looks like the Wild Man of Sonoma County, and Mrs. London would do excellently for Mad Margaret in "Ruddigore." If the Socialists, individually or collectively, should ever develop a sense of humor the foundations of the Sacred Cause would totter.

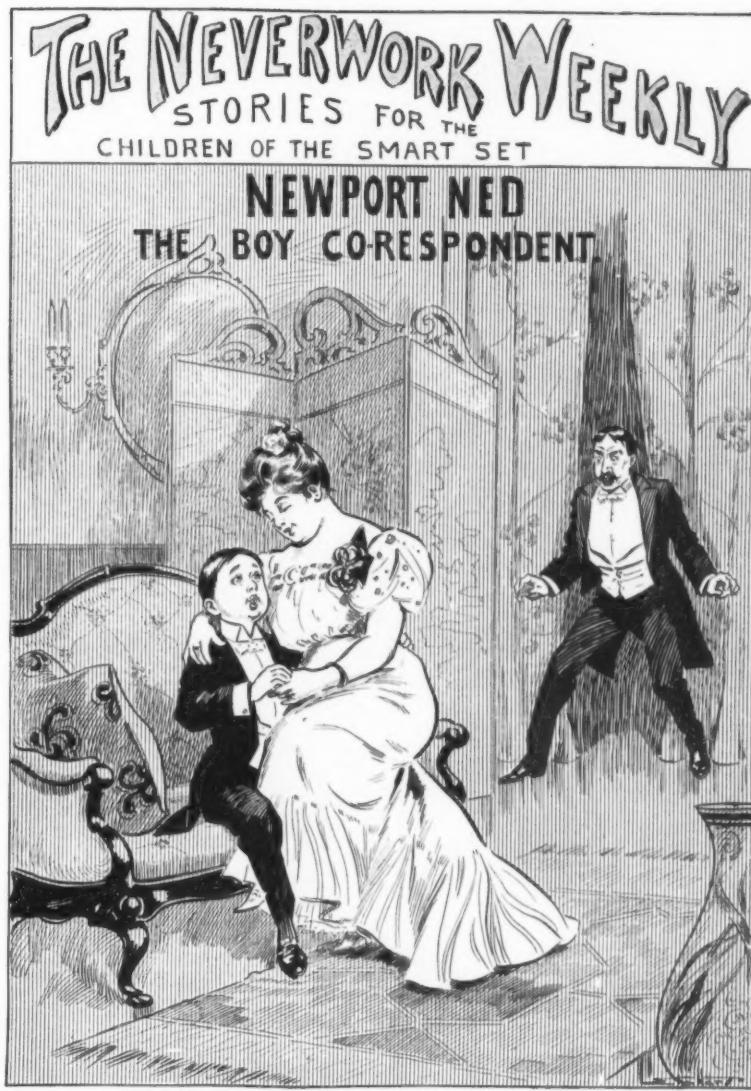


AN OLD VET.

We fear that the Monorail will not revolutionize travel to the extent of doing away with the upper berth, nor will it be safe to offer the porter twelve or thirteen cents.

The original Monorail was the sort used to transport undesirable citizens out of town.

Dollar wheat ought to make self-rising bread. B. L. T.



"Curse His Pink Cheeks! It Is Newport Ned,
the Boy Co-Respondent!!"

GETTING DOWN.

ORDINARY CITIZEN.—How's the gold mine, old man?

PROMOTER.—Nicely. We are working the lower levels.

"Possible?"

"Yes, we've got the capitalists all squeezed dry, and now we're going after the laboring classes."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

I do to others as I would

That they should do to me.

To feel the joy of doing good,

I do to others as I would,

And so I kissed her where she stood,

And this was all my plea:

I do to others as I would

That they should do to me!"

Sam S. Stinson.

UNSELFISH.

MRS. COONLEY (*at the wash-tub*).—Dat's de man ob it, ebry time! Set around an' smoke while de poo' woman does de wuk!

MR. COONLEY (*enjoying his pipe*).—But how could we change places, honey, when yo' knows yo' don't smoke?

Speak well of yourself, your friends will tell the bad about you.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE PROFESSIONAL

"WHAT THEREFORE DESTINY HATH JOINED TOG

PUCK

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.



SSIONAL BRIDEGROOM.

"JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."



AT A DANCE.

(The Obvious Remarks We Always Make)



YOU.—Why, how nice to find you here! I was afraid none of our set would be at this dance.

SHE.—I'm equally glad to see you. It's to be a cotillon, isn't it?

YOU.—I think so. I do hope the favors will be worth getting.

SHE.—Oh, don't fear. Mrs. Riche always has splendid favors.

YOU.—May I have the pleasure of this dance?

SHE.—Yes, indeed. I don't believe my card is full—yet. It's a long time since we've danced together, isn't it?

YOU.—It seems longer to me than to you, I'll wager!

SHE.—Oh, how flattering you are? Isn't this a bully two step?

YOU.—Yes; but I prefer a waltz, don't you?

SHE.—On the whole, yes; but then if one has a good partner it really doesn't matter. (You both laugh.)

YOU.—This floor is fine. I do like a good, well-waxed floor. I hope I won't fall. There's nothing more terrible than to slip on a ball room floor.

SHE.—As if you ever did. You're such a good dancer, there's no danger. (Laughter again.)

YOU.—Do you know, I'd like to dance through life with you!

SHE.—Oh, don't be so silly. You know we'd both get awfully tired.

YOU.—You might. I wouldn't. (Laughter again.)

SHE.—This music is divine, isn't it? I'm crazy about a stringed orchestra.

YOU.—Yes, and I love it when the musicians are concealed behind palms, just far enough away so that you can hear them without their making too much noise.

SHE.—And they play in such splendid time. That last Strauss waltz was heavenly. Don't you adore a Strauss waltz?

WHEN you're in love it's such a bore
To feel that never, nevermore
Will come the piquant pleasant glee
Of thinking on each lass you see,
"Is she the next I shall adore?"

Some girl in a department store,
Some Ph.D. of manly lore—
You mustn't say, "That one for me."
When you're in love!

You have to warn your fancy, "Fore,"
When smiles some queen of guimpe and gore,
An heiress, twenty-two or three,
A wit o'er demi tasse and Brie,
It's fierce! Your Pegasus can't soar
When you're in love!

Sinclair Lewis

YOU.—Yes, or a Sousa two-step. There's nothing like them. I wonder why Sousa doesn't write any more?

SHE.—What's the use? His old marches are just as good as they ever were. Are you going to the Bixley dance next week?

YOU.—No. I haven't been asked.

SHE.—Really?

YOU.—Oh, I don't mind. A man can always find plenty of ways to amuse himself.

SHE.—Yes, indeed. I do envy you men. Didn't we used to have fun at those dances in the Summer at Lake Placid?

YOU.—Yes. I think a country dance is much more fun than one of these formal affairs, don't you?

SHE.—I should say so. The young people don't seem to get together as they used to.

YOU (as you finish the two-step).—May I bring you an ice?

SHE.—No, thank you. I'm always afraid to take anything so cold immediately after dancing. But you may fan me.

YOU.—With pleasure. (You do so, with displeasure.)

SHE (unmindful of your mood).—I wish I were a man. We girls have to wait to be asked before we can dance.

YOU.—I guess you never have to go without a partner. (You both laugh.)

SHE.—Here's Jimmy Phelps coming for his waltz. He's an awful bore—can't dance half as well as you.

YOU (delighted).—Thank you! May I have the third two-step after the next?

SHE (as she glides away with her partner).—I'll see. (To Phelps, when out of your hearing) What a stupid fellow he is! He doesn't dance half as well as you, Jimmy, and he talks all the while he is dancing. I hate a person to do that.

YOU (to yourself).—I don't think I'll stay here. I don't seem to enjoy dances as much as I used to do. I must be getting old.

(You leave as early as possible, and go to your club.)

Charles Hanson Towne.

It is rather unsettling to reflect that it is the late frost that gets the early bean.

FROM FORCE OF HABIT.

HE young lady assistant-editor had received a proposal of marriage by letter, from her most ardent admirer. She promptly sat down by her typewriter and wrote the following:

MY DEAR MR. DUBB:

I regret to say that after carefully reading your letter of the 3d inst., I cannot accept your proposal, which you so kindly submitted, and same is returned herewith. The rejection of a suitor does not necessarily imply that he is lacking in merit. Any one of a number of reasons may render him unavailable. He may have been forestalled by similar material, or he may be too long or too short, or he may lack style. His financial resources may not be up to the required standard, or he may not move in high enough society, etc.

The undersigned is always very glad to examine proposals of this kind, but begs, however, to be excused from detailed criticism. All such proposals must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope and are submitted at owner's risk.

Thanking you for your courtesy in offering the enclosed, I am,

Yours very truly,

MAE MADGE MONTMORENCY.

M. Worth Colwell.

THE TAKING WAY.

"OUR cook takes things, right along, and there seems to be no way of stopping her."

"Well, that's curious."

"True, though. The only choice we have is as to whether she shall take umbrage or most everything else."

HIS REWARD.

"OLD Horace Ricketts is dead at last," in well-modulated tones announced the Philanthropist's private secretary.

"Are you sure of that?" asked the Great Man, solicitously.

"Yes, sir! He was found dead in a miserable garret, dead of starvation with a partially-gnawed boot in his wasted hand, and was buried by a subscription raised among his less unfortunate neighbors. He left a document giving the details of his long and unsuccessful fight against this company for his royalties on patents absorbed by us, and saying that he was starving to death,



"OATS, PEAS, BEANS."

THE MAIN CROW.—While waiting for dinner time, suppose we all join claws and play that delightful old nursery game, "Thus The Farmer Sows His Seed."

blind and deserted, murdered by corporate greed. The unsubsidized newspapers refer to the affair as very pathetic, I believe."

"Dear! dear!" murmured the Eminent Octopus, sympathetically. "We really must endow a Horace Ricketts library somewhere."

PREFERENCE.

THE COURT.—Six years at hard labor. You'll get a chance to learn a trade, my man.

BURGLAR.—Judge, couldn't I be permitted to learn it—er—by correspondence course?

Miller
HIGH LIFE
The Champagne of Bottle BEER

is made by a process exclusively our own, with the result that it is **different and better** than ordinary beer. The absolute purity of raw materials—the art of keeping the materials **pure** and **wholesome** in the making—the **perfect** barley and hops which we buy on the field—the yeast which we make **ourselves**, and our **underground** ageing process, are all responsible for the superiority of quality and flavor.

You can't help but like it.

HENRY C. BOTJER, Distributor,
353 Broadway, Long Island City, New York.

MILWAUKEE

THE LIQUEUR OF POLITE SOCIETY

THE LIQUEUR OF POLITE SOCIETY

LIQUEUR
Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as **Liqueur Pères Chartreux** (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bäters & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

Wilson -

For guarantee of purity,
see back label on every bottle:
That's All!

The Brooklyn Eagle has an article on "The Growth of Long Island." Is it growing longer? —Detroit Free Press.

MR. SCHWAB says he will build no more battle ships in San Francisco because wages are too high there. Thus the labor unions are also contributing their mite to the cause of peace. —Washington Post.

An editor generally knows that it isn't worth while to take the trouble to read a manuscript when he looks at the first page and finds that the author has had it copyrighted before submitting it. —Somerville Journal.



ADVANCED.

BENEVOLENT OLD PARTY.—Well, well, but you are a little fellow to be playing in the street. Can you talk yet?

THE LITTLE FELLOW.—Naw, but I kin swear.

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

WOULD YOU BE A POET'S BRIDE?

The girl-bride of a poet in Cleveland wants a divorce because she was required to cook meals at 3 a. m. Some people are so commonplace that they disdain the honor of companionship with the poetic muse simply because she is a trifle erratic. —Yonkers Statesman.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

"Read that romantic story from France of a marriage broken up by suspicion that the bride had a cloven hoof?"

"No. But I know of some unromantic stories of marriages broken up by the certainty that the man had a cloven breath."

If Odell favors Hughes, he should have the discretion not to mention it.

If a year in prison is enough for convicted members of the Black Hand, they were not so black as painted. —Philadelphia Ledger.

"ONE wretched, blustery day," said a Pittsburg iron man, "I had a cap with eartabs on when I met Mr. Carnegie on the street. He joked me about my eartabs. He said there was an old Scot who always used to curl—you know the game—in eartabs, but one bitter day he appeared on the ice minus the tabs, and a friend said: 'Hullo, whaur's yer auld lug warmers?' 'Oh,' was the reply, 'I've never worn them since my accident.' 'Accident? What accident?' 'A man offered me a drink an' wi' the dashed flaps I didna hear him.'" —The Argonaut.

HIS SWEETHEART.

In the weary ways of winter,
When the ghostly skies I see,
I think about my sweetheart
Who never thinks of me.

When spring has brought the blossom,
And the flower bends with the bee,
I think about my sweetheart
Who never thinks of me.

The seasons don't forget me:
The rivers sing to sea,
And I'm singing to my sweetheart
Who never sings to me.

—Atlanta Constitution.



COLLEGE Students are mighty shrewd judges of tobacco. They want the most for their money, and it must be good. That is why most of them smoke

LUCKY STRIKE
Sliced Plug Pipe Tobacco

Fine aroma, easily handled, (in thin slices), gives a long, cool, delicious smoke.

Does not bite the tongue.
Pocket size, tin box, 10c.



HIS AIRY CASTLES.

The promoter had sold town lots that proved to be on the top of a lofty and barren mountain.

"Did you not claim," said an indignant investor, "that there was a city there?"

"Go easy," replied the promoter, "don't get excited. We all build castles in the air, you know." —Philadelphia Ledger.

THE King of Spain is so happy over the arrival of that boy of his that he will no doubt pardon the soothsayer who predicted that it would be a girl. —Washington Post.

ONCE in a while you meet an old college graduate who remembers what the words the initials in the name of his Greek letter society stood for were. —Somerville Journal.

A NEW YORK woman is making a specialty of teaching etiquette to dogs. Presumably it is not always possible for dogs to learn anything like that from their masters. —Washington Post.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and damp, and get tired easily. If you have aching feet, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests the feet and makes new or tight shoes snug. Cures aching, swollen, sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves Chilblains, corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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To THE DYSPERTIC.

Ma frand, you would like I should tal w'at I theenck;
You weesh me advisin' you, too?
Wal, den, eet ees justa da food an' da dreenk.
Dat's all dat's da matter weeth you!
O'Merician man, you are maka meestak!
For eatu so moocha da meat.
W'at for you no learn, for your stomacha sak'!
W'at theengs ees da besta for eat?
You lika roas' beef an' you lika da pie,
An' all so reech fooda like dat;
An' den you weell growl an' you wondra for why
Sooch pain een da stomach you gat.
You evva see Dagoman seeck from hees food?
I bat you fi-dolla, not mooch!
Baycause for hees eatin' he finda more good
Een fruit an' da salad an' sooch.
Da vegetabals dat ees grow een da spreeng
Ees vera bes' food you can gat,
So how you gon' scusa dees fooleesha theeng
You do to Giuseppe Baratt?
Giuseppe—Giuseppe da barber, you know—
He tal me you com' een hees place,
An', while he ees shave you, you growl at heem so
An' maka sooch frown weeth your face,
Baycause he no lika da same kinda food
Dat mak' a man cranky like you.
You tal heem da stuff dat he eat ees no good;
He tal me you swear at heem, too—
Eh? Yes, dees young onion dat grow een da spreeng,
So tender, so juicy, so sweet!
You theenck ees no right he should eat soocha theeng?
Dat's vera bes' food you can eat!
You would no be crank eef you theenck like I think;
You gona be happier, too.
You no ondrastan' da good food an' da good dreenk;
Dat's all dat's da matter weeth you!
—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE BEAUTY OF AN HEIRESS.

"You are very pretty," he said to the heiress.
She was a wise girl and realized her own plainness.
"I fancy," she replied, "that my prettiness was inherited along with my grandfather's money." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IN THE SPRING TIME.

When Spring returns, our hearts rejoice,
We welcome her with glee.
We hail the early robins and
The first flowers that we see.
We hail the modest violet,
So exquisitely shy,
But oh! the thing that thrills us is
The first fresh rhubarb pie!
It melts so sweetly in the mouth!
So delicate the taste
Of flaky crust and filling tart,
No fragment goes to waste!
For beauty with the violet
No other flower can vie,
But oh! the thing that thrills us is
The first fresh rhubarb pie!
—Somerville Journal.

THAT bower of orchids for the Corey wedding was a happy thought. Some one will next be trying the effect of a wreath about the man-hole of a sewer.—N. Y. Evening Post.

A GIRL can read a young man's thoughts better when she isn't looking at him than the young man can read the girl's thoughts when he is looking right down into her eyes.—Somerville Journal.

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LET US be fair even in politics. Under the same conditions William Jennings Bryan could have punctured that bullseye at the Charleston Schützenfest with the same fiendish accuracy as did President Roosevelt. — Detroit Free Press.



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A BOON TO FAT MEN.



WALKER.—That's an unusual looking machine you've got, old man.

CHUGGER.—Yes; I had it made to order. I couldn't get one ready-made, as I'm so very hard to fit.

ANITA.

ANITA'S eyes in dreams I see;
Her hair is streaming over me;
Anita's forehead gleameth fair,
The scent of roses fills the air.

Her night of hair, her starry eyes!
Her whisp'ring breath, her sweetest sighs!
I dream no more: — I rise from sleep,
And once again my tryst I keep.

I hear through years that have been long
The woodland's wistful passion-song:
Anita's love, Anita's kiss —
Remembrance of a perfect bliss!

Anita, your eyes held a wonderful light;
Anita, your hair was as dark as the night;
Anita, your kisses my memory keeps —
Your Old Love is happy, as dreaming he sleeps.

But if we awoke, and we found it were true,
I'd like you to tell me just what we should do —
Because, dear Anita, I'm bound to admit
My sweet little wife wouldn't stand it a bit.

Fred. Ladd.

IN THE CENTER OF THE STAGE.

FIRST ACTOR (*in Georgia town*).—It's a pity Hambooth shot the fellow. The Governor refuses to interfere, and I suppose the poor boy will have to hang.

SSECOND ACTOR.—Yes; but don't take it so to heart, old chap. The sheriff has promised to throw a spot-light on him just before the trap is sprung, and he's perfectly resigned.

NEXT IN LINE.

CLANCY (*with paper*).—Glory be! I wondher iv miracles'll iver cease? They've wirelissed th' air, weighed th' sowl an' now, bedad, they've photygraphed th' breath! I wondher what they'll do nixt?

CONNOLLY.—Faith, it ain't too much to predict that in a month er so they'll be radin' th' unwritten law!

CHUGGER (*during a break-down*).—My dear, it's really a pleasure to crawl under this machine — it fits so snugly around the waist.

WOULDN'T DARE SAY IT NOW.

THIE MILLIONAIRE'S YOUNGEST.—Say, Pop, it was Monte Cristo who said "The world is mine!", wasn't it?

THIE MILLIONAIRE.—Sure! But you know muck-rakers were unheard of in his time!

THE GUILE OF THE GREEKS.

AT FIRST the more thoughtful ones regarded the gift suspiciously.

Then, taking further thought, they said, one to the other:

"Aw, what's the dif? It's only a near-art horse, anyhow. Now, if it was one of those chug-chug wagons coming in here to break the speed limit laws we wouln't stand for it for a minute."

Thus it was, the victim of over-confidence, that Troy fell.



A DANGEROUS MAN.

YACHT OWNER.—So the Commodore let his skipper go, did he?

HIS CAPTAIN.—Vep; he was too blame reckless. He'd think nothin' of goin' out with only ten cases of champagne aboard, an' the Commodore says as how twenty is the limit of safety.

Nothing looks so foolish in another as the things we used to do ourselves.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

If of my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why we drink;
Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest we may be bye and bye,
Or any other reason why."

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MAJOR MINER.—Holy smoke! Better than a nugget! "LUCKY STRIKE" sliced-plug tobacco, by all that's good! Nothing like it in all creation—but all creation does like it, be Gosh!

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Just send us your own and nearest shoe dealer's name and address on a postal card and we will give you a set of our new and wonderful MAGIC POST CARDS FREE.

AN UNFAIR LIBEL LAW.

The obnoxious libel law in Pennsylvania directed against the newspapers has been repealed. Public opinion recognizes too strongly that attacks upon the freedom of the press are but preludes to attacks upon the public itself.—*Younger Statesman*.

A STRANGE animal down in Connecticut is eating the calves. In this mollycoddle age the country folks are more terrorized than when the woods were full of such creatures.—*Buffalo Enquirer*.



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Industrial Policyholders of The Prudential who have attained age 75, and who attain that age during 1907, will then have to pay no further premiums.

Should this concession be continued, it is estimated that it would cost the Company over \$3,250,000 in ten years.

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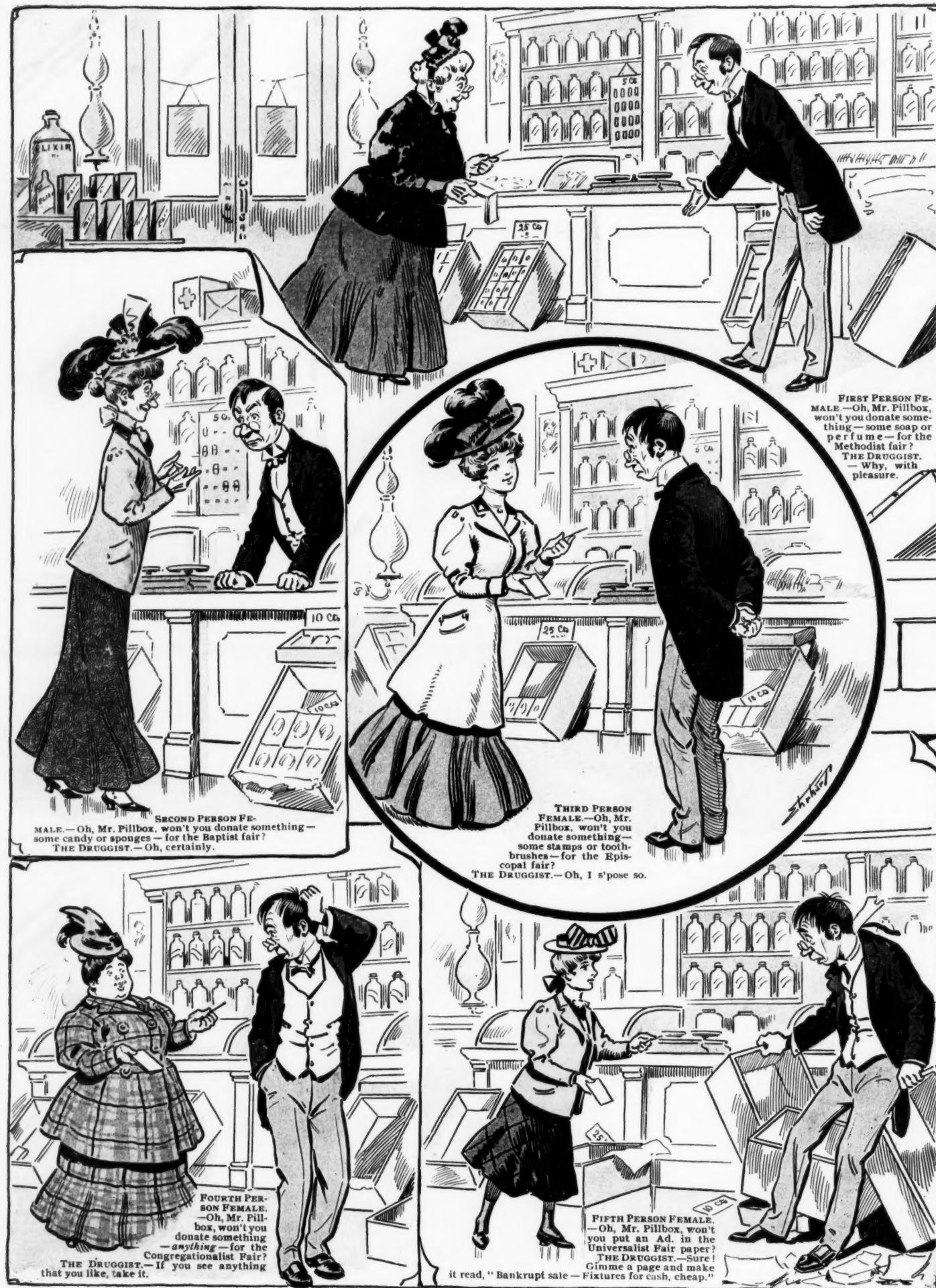
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